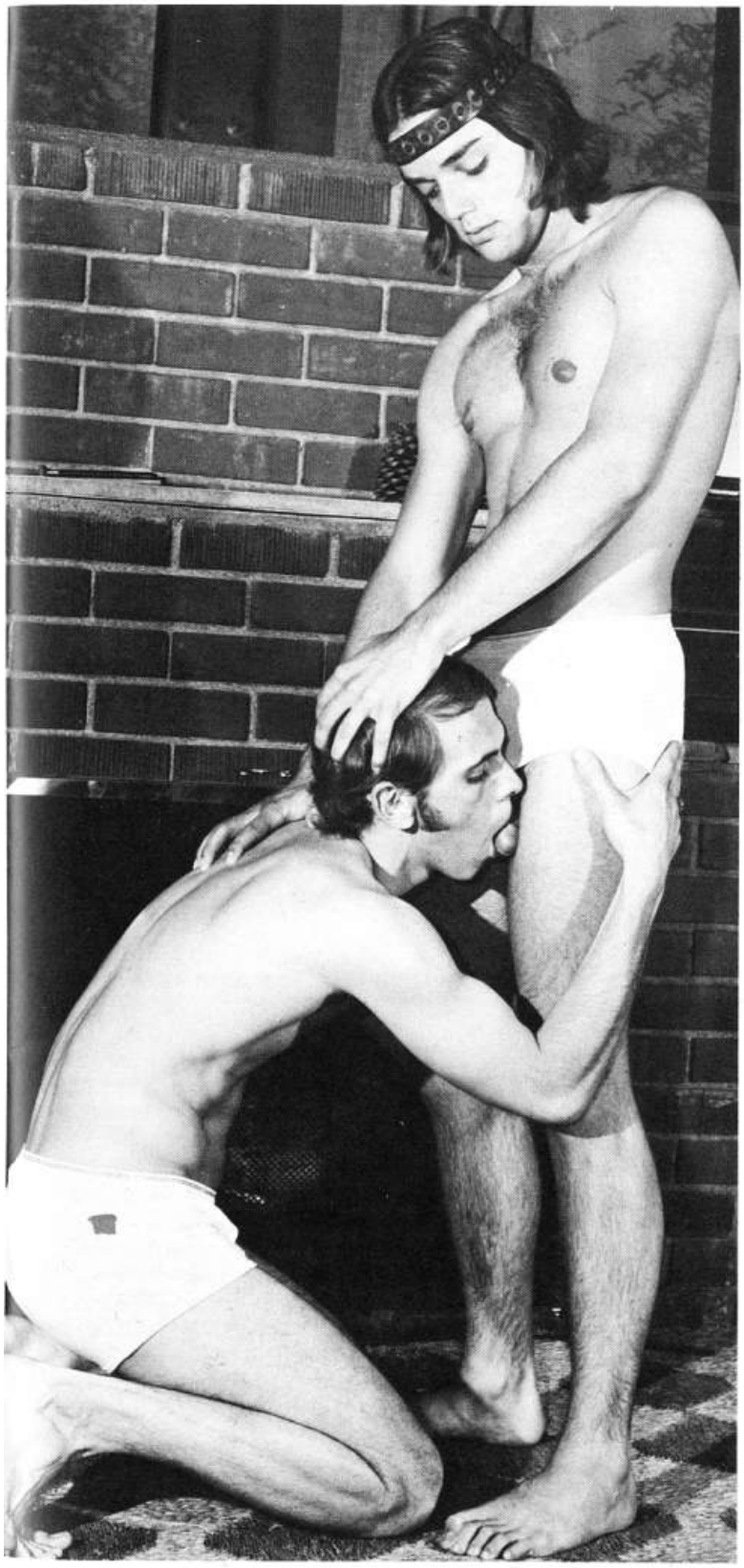
No.1

Hang Loose

$6.

adults only

Blake & Troy



Blake Forrest had gone to Sacramento State College (now a leader in Gay Lib ideas) at a time when homosexuality was mentioned only in the Abnormal Psych Dept., and when the whole purpose of the educational machine seemed to Blake to be to convince all minorities that they were trash.

Blake was Gay and proud of it right from the start. He was Anglo-French, but everyone took him for Mexican, so he gave up denying it and took on a borrowed Chicano/Indian identity. He was a long hair hippie type even before it became popular.

He was also a sexpert. His expertise was not so much in charting or generalizing about sex behavior, though he'd done that well enough for papers in sociology, or in giving out with fart-assed theories about why people get the way they are sexually. He was a real expert at getting and giving sexual pleasure, at noticing all the different things that turn different

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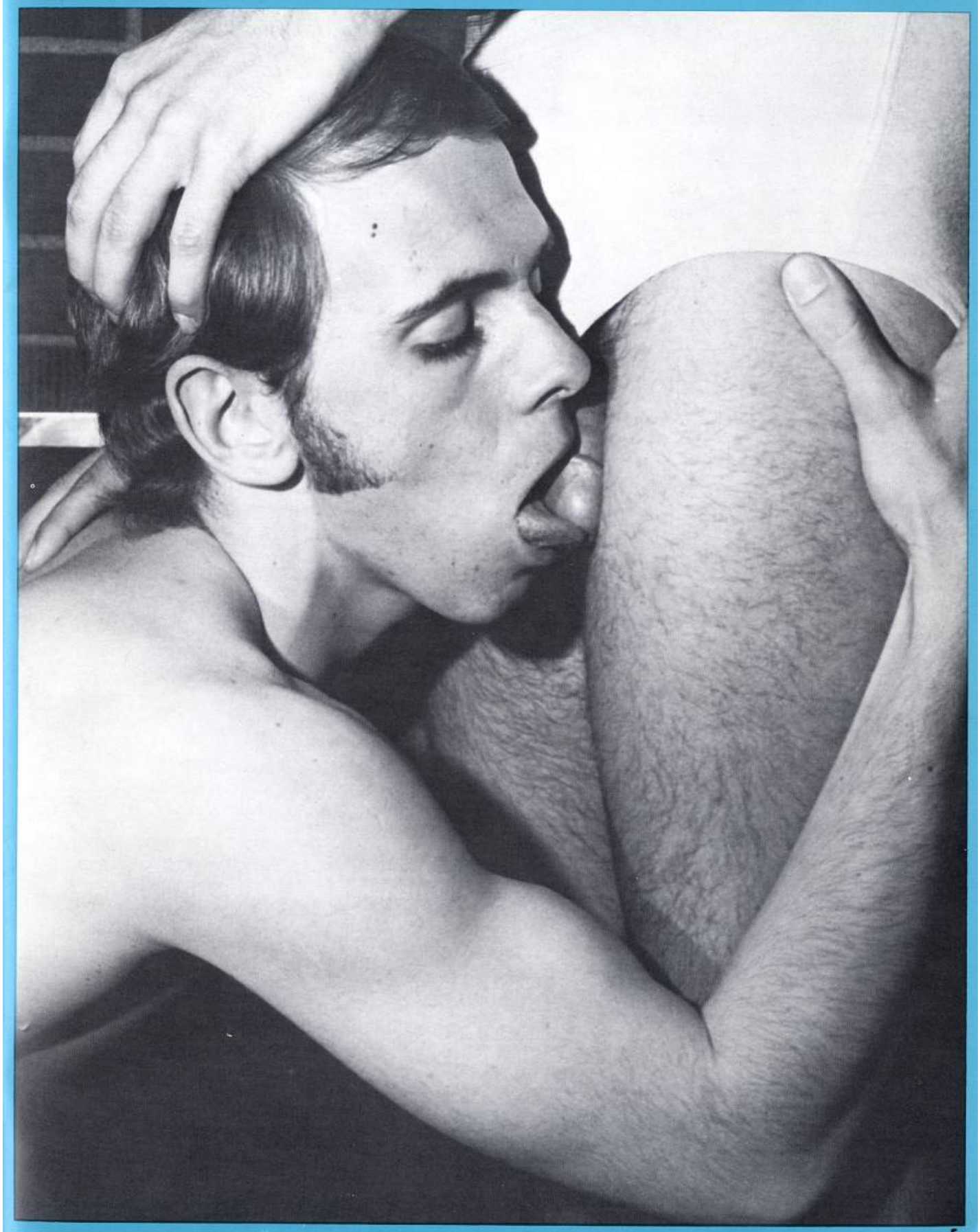

people on, the many ways people have of signalling or hiding what they want.

Blake, starting exceptionally young, had spent a couple years at Sac State, then a couple on the Haight. After that he'd just knocked around the country. Not being of a mind to settle down in a domestic way, he wanted to find out where people's heads were at, to see if cock tastes the same in Vermont and Georgia as it does in California—it doesn't always. He worked in laundries in Phoenix and St. Paul, slung hash in Atlantic City and Coral Gables, got in Gay demonstrations in Berkeley and Chicago, parked cars in Memphis and picked peaches and lettuce and even tobacco in more places than he could remember.

He fell in love with over forty different guys and even with three gals, two of them Gay and one just mixed-up, but didn't spend more than a night with most of them. He spent three weeks on a yacht with a real sweet, real wise old man at Balboa, and then he came back to West Hollywood and enrolled at UCLA and started trying to convince some closet-queen professors to let him do his Masters on "Gay Paths to Self-Definition."

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Living at 69 Sunset Strip, the Gayest address in the country, he also got a part-time job delivering for a wholesale meat company. He felt it was ironic, him being in the meat-delivering business–and every day he left a few customers a sample of meat they hadn't ordered for their deep freeze.

* * * *

Like Troy Hanson. The first sight Blake got of him, he figured this kid was a natural love bug. Blondish and pretty-faced with an even handsomer body, Troy's eyes turned on as soon as he saw Blake at the front door.

It took Blake four trips to the van to load up Troy's deep freeze–the guy lived with his dad, who was out of town, and by the last trip Troy was practically drooling at Blake.

So Blake accepted the offer of a beer and stretched out on a sofa where his crotch was twitching right under Troy's nose. Blake wasn't planning to leave without getting into this guy's pants, but he wanted to see how Troy would make the moves.

The kid clearly didn't know the ropes. Troy's old man had been sexing him nine ways to Sunday for years but Troy had never made it with anyone else–Blake learned that later. The kid just sat beside Blake on the couch, talking about general things, and really hypnotized by Blake's well-outlined crotch. Troy showed a damned nice bulge in his own pants too.

Blake got up slowly as if to go, stretched so's to let some flesh show below his tee shirt. Troy stumbled to his feet, but because Blake was standing close, they bumped together and the embrace just came natural.

The kiss was something extra, long, hot and deep-probing, with some heavy thigh rubbing so each could get the full impression of the other's basket.

Blake pulled off Troy's shirt and said something about having a filet mignon as a bonus for special customers. That was an understatement. Filet mignons are very choice meat, but hardly as big as the meat Troy soon had in his mouth–unless you mean a whole filet mignon roast.

Blake's cock popped out of his skivvies aching hard and standing straight up and Troy went for it like a starving dog that's just found the last soup bone in the world. Troy was the best damned cocksucker Blake had ever met—even if the kid had had only his old man to practice on up to now. He was also real great on the preliminaries—the art of undressing in a real turn-on way.

He went after Blake's meat with incredible zest, servicing the balls too, with Blake going wild, thinking that Troy was the sweetest and most beautiful guy he'd ever had swinging on his swizzle-stick. He wondered how Troy could look so cool, and feel so hot.

Troy wasn't cool at all! Blake's handsome, darkish body, his long, shapely and vibrant cock, the beautiful color-match of his warm skin and his black hair, the way his balls rose and fell as his thighs quivered, his strong shapely legs and that wild headband had Troy crazy with passions his father had never stirred in him (terrific as his old man was) and when he knelt down and drew out Blake's juice, it just about knocked them both out.

Then Troy leaned against the fireplace for Blake, sitting sprawled under him, to pivot on Troy's shaft. Blake ended up in a neck-cramping position where he couldn't give it much steam—but Troy was now too turned on by Blake's succulent, dark nipples and the chest hair around his collar bone to care. And he really started jolting when Blake's forefinger began to pry open his back door.

Then Troy did pushups over Blake, dropping it into Blake's mouth while Blake raised his flag and began waving it at Troy's tail end. Troy's tail twitched crazily, even if he didn't see what was aiming to ram him.

Then Troy turned around and came down over Blake for a hard plunging 69. The twitching in his tail kept on and after a few minutes he turned around again and squatted over Blake. No conversation, except with their eyes. Clenching one fist,

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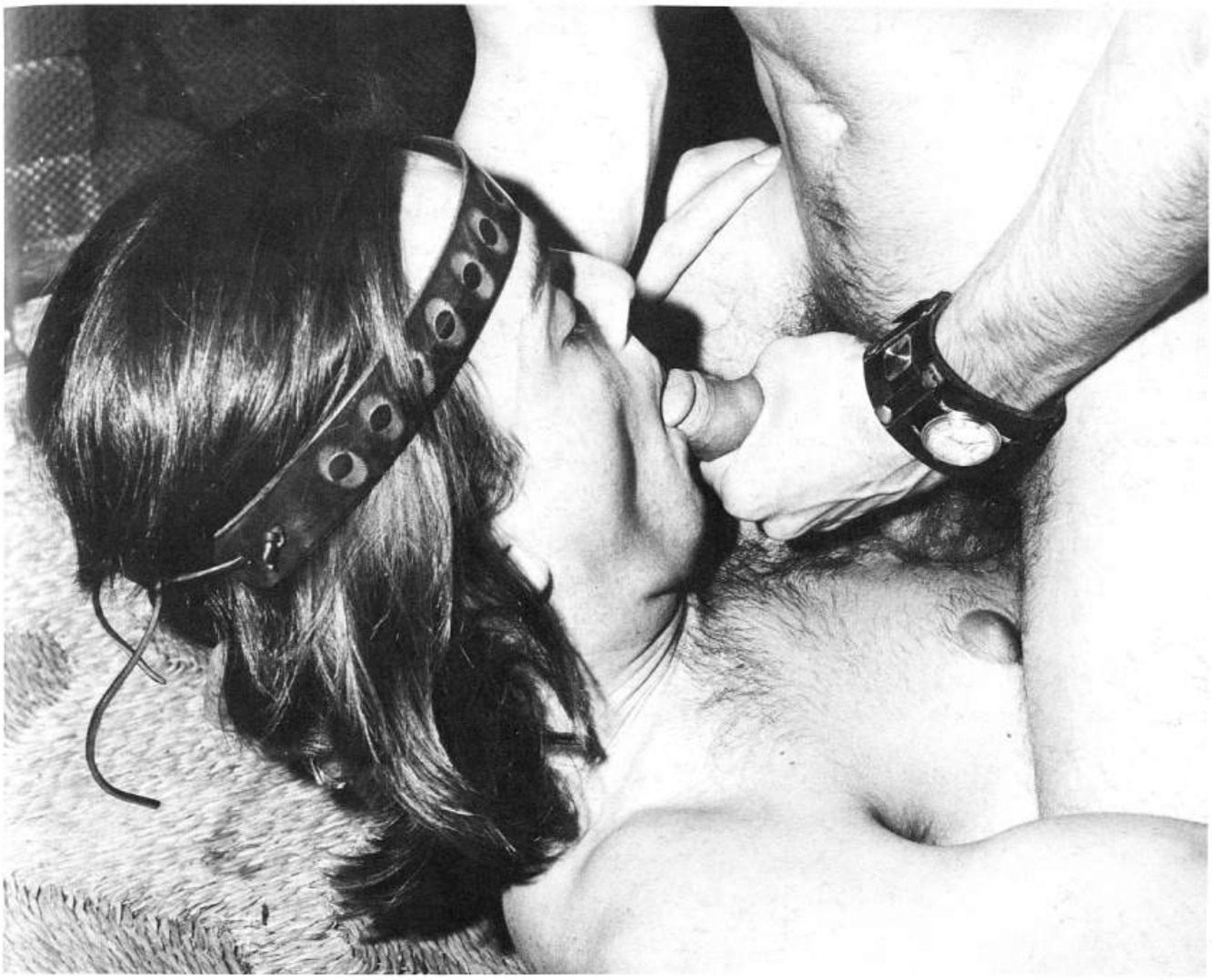

and steadying himself with his right hand on Blake's chest, he lowered his rump slowly over Blake's shiny flagpole, wiggled a little to line it up with the tight hole, worked his muscles to try to open himself up, sat down further as the hard shaft head pressed painfully against his unyielding entrance.

The head pushed an inch inside him, stretching his sphincter inward but not yet breaching him. The pain was building up though their eyes were locked in a gentle assurance.

He came down a little more, pressing it farther in, then suddenly it was inside his door, hot and hard, seeming to lance him like an angry boil. He exploded with pain, but the most beautiful pain he'd ever felt, then he dropped down quickly, feeling it slide in him all the way, and suddenly the pain was gone. All gone.

He remained tense, bolt upright astraddle Blake's hips, with Blake's hot bolt throbbing inside him, both of them gasping, Blake's fist enclosing Troy's cream-filled cock, giving it just the kind of firm strokes Troy liked best.

Troy worked his buttocks, flexing his rectum around the impaling flesh, running his hands lightly over Blake's thighs. They both seemed to him to have become one big slab of sentient meat, ready to explode.

Blake began bouncing his hips. Troy, grabbing his own cock and squeezing his tail on Blake's, threw his head back and exploded, taking Blake's hot jet inside him at the same time that he shot his cream all over Blake's chest, some of it shooting all the way to Blake's mouth.

Neither one had ever come like that before. The pressure

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